MARVEL
SPIDER-MAN

Let me tell you the Dark story

of the Spiderman

Now

The city hummed like a hive that never slept.

Lights blinked in windows,

voices echoed in stairwells,

but inside his apartment,

Peter sat alone

quiet,

small,

almost invisible.

His walls were bare

except for blueprints,

sketches pinned with thumbtacks.

Notes about energy,

sound,

motion.

knowledge

Uncle Ben had past

he began to think

he started to strangle with himself

and asked

what is the meaning of life

so he studied science

but Peter Parker took place in heavy ambition

he thought he could design

a reason to exist

but When Parker spoke in class,

no one looked up.

When he tried to share his ideas,

people nodded

and forgot them in the same breath.

he became a nerd

a loser they call it

and he walked home through crowds

that parted without noticing him.

The city that buzzed with noise

shimmered with others importance,

he was the ghost

who brushed past it all

At night,

he’d stand by his window,

watching towers pulse with light.

his heart hardened even more

Angered by Grief

Hungry for a life

where he’d be fully satisfied

he had refused

to let himself heal

he saw life as a game

that he was destined to win

He wondered what it would feel like

to have a purpose so bright

that others couldn’t look away.

———

so one evening,

while leaving the campus,

a black car rolled up beside him.

Its windows were tinted like mirrors.

A voice called out from inside.

“Peter Parker.”

He froze.

The man who stepped out wore a dark suit

and a smile too calm to be kind.

His eyes caught the streetlights

and threw them back like glass.

“You’re invisible,” he said,

“well maybe it’s because you’re invincible

you’ve just never given them

a good reason to look.”

Peter frowned.

“Who are you?”

“Norman Osborn,” the man said,

handing him a large case of polished metal.

“Open it when you’re ready

to be somebody you’ve always wanted.”

Then the car door shut,

and the world swallowed the sound.

Norman had given him a script

A marker

that would turn his life upside down

Peter carried the case home.

It was cold,

heavier than it looked.

Inside: fabric suit

— red and blue —

with a mask

and something alive beneath it,

a bug within a case

Tiny lights ran through the fibers like

veins.

It hummed.

“Wear it”

and Parker couldn’t sleep that night.

———

By dawn,

the mask was on.

The world tilted.

Every sound sharpened.

Every heartbeat,

every shout,

every whisper of the city

that seemed to breathe through him.

He jumped — once,

without thinking

and found the towers didn’t let him fall.

The threads shot from his hands like

instinct.

He swung across rooftops

as the sun burned gold between glass towers.

For the first time,

he wasn’t invisible.

People pointed up from the streets,

phones flashing.

Someone screamed,

“It’s him! It’s the Spider-man!”

He landed on a billboard,

chest heaving,

and saw himself reflected in the glass.

The boy Peter Parker was gone.

The city saw a hero.

A mask

A lie

———

The crimes came fast.

A green figure gliding through smoke.

A metal-tentacle armed man tearing down

walls.

A lizard-like monster roaring through sewers.

The Sinister Six had come

Peter fought them all,

night after night

and somehow,

they always returned.

Always in new forms,

new angles,

new explosions.

The Sinister Six

they felt

Personal this time

like they knew him

but he didn't question it.

The crowd loved Spider-man, Not Peter

The applause roared louder than doubt.

and he continued to swing away

Then one night,

mid-swing,

the light in his mask flickered.

He landed on a rooftop and watched as a

billboard glitched

the same footage,

looping:

his battles,

his smiles,

his victories.

Then the lizard he just fought in battle

dissolved into pixels.

He yanked his mask off,

gasping.

He whispered, “What… What the heck was that?”

He looked down from the rooftop

then whispered

“So the city that never sleeps seems to

sleep now huh, No bad guy?

He swung to the mad deli

no robberies

he swung to the largest bank in the city

found Nothing…

The Sinister Six were quiet this time

so Peter

faint and tired.

He swung across the city,

heart pounding,

until he reached the tower —

Oscorp.

Steel and green glass

alive with humming machines.

INT. OSCORP LAB – NIGHT

———

The doors slid open.

Norman Osborn was waiting.

Back turned,

hands clasped behind him,

staring at a wall of monitors

each one looping the same battles.

between Spiderman and all of rivals

Peter’s voice cracked.

“Who are they, Norman?”

Osborn didn’t turn.

PETER

“Who?”

“The villains.

The ones I fought.

The ones who knew my name.

The ones who almost killed me.”

Osborn smiled

small, tired.

NORMAN

“You already know, Peter.

There was no Sinister Six.

There was only you.”

Peter stepped closer.

His fists shook.

PETER

“You’re lying.”

NORMAN

“No, It’s true,

Mysterio and I built the Illusion,

that you were always the Spiderman

always in control

just for you,

we just wanted to uhhh

spice things up”

Peter gasped

NORMAN

“I mean come on,

The World LOVES YOU don’t they?

ahhh the “Spider-man”

The Daily Bugle couldn’t get their eyes off

you

Every article talking nonstop

we thought we could just join the fun,

shouldn’t we?

Osborn’s hands clenched together

NORMAN

“Every great story needs conflict?

Right?

You wanted your own fantasy,

Right Parker?

didn’t you?

and I gave you one.”

Peter slammed his hands on the table.

PETER

“I ALMOST DIED!

Do you hear me?

I almost died!

All those nights…

thinking I was saving someone…

fighting for something real

AND you’re telling me

it was all just a game?!

A— a SCRIPT!”

Osborn turned now,

appearing calm,

eyes sharp like glass.

Then his face twists

NORMAN

“WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?”

he shouted,

the room trembling with his voice.

“You were begging to run from the silence

You said you needed to be SEEN.

You asked to be your own god.

and I gave you what you wanted”

He stepped closer,

“I gave you the suit.

the mask

the story.

the city.

And still,

you’re ungrateful.

Face it Parker

Without my script

you’re just a boy with hollow dreams

and a forgotten uncle.

Peter’s breath faltered.

He looked down

his reflection in the polished floor,

half-covered by the spider mask.

Norman’s words echoed:

He saw flashes — Uncle Ben’s face.

The last words.

“with Great Power comes great responsibility”

the line that once sounded heroic

became the spark of his downfall

then Peter remembered

The years of guilt.

The pain he never faced.

The loneliness he tried to bury

beneath the mask.

The truth crushed him.

He had built his purpose

out of pain

and charm

to cover up corruption

and sold it to the highest bidder.

Peter murmured,

“alright, yeah okay alright

you know what?…”

He looks directly at Osborn.

“…You’re right

It’s my fault

What was I even thinking?”

The lights in the lab flickered.

The monitors went black one by one.

Norman frowned.

“What are you doing?”

Peter put the web shooters on the table —

gently.

“Ending the show

Now It’s Game Over, Osborn.”

He walked out,

leaving the hum of the tool behind

— faint, tired.

———-

The boy stared down at his hands —

shaking, raw.

The streets below were noisy,

He whispered:

“who cares,

all They saw

was Spiderman,

They saw the glory

They saw the action

They saw what they could get

But they never saw

Me

The spider mask, lying beside him,

stared back —

its eyes white, hollow, lifeless.

He threw it off the edge.

It tumbled into shadow,

still glowing faintly as it fell.

Down below,

screens on every building

still played his image

endless, smiling, false.

The myth of the Spiderman continued.

But Parker was gone

He decided to move out

and he fled the city

through the maze of concrete

and flickering signs,

the boy walked alone

and embraced it

unseen again,

yet finally

seen

by Heaven